

\$19.85

302 Young Men's and Men's Suits & 114 Overcoats

Dependable materials. Best of workmanship. Correct styles.

Tailored to the usual Shop of Culture standard, in following sizes:

	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	42	44	46	48	50
Regular	2	8	10	14	16	18	24	18	14	10	8	7
Stout	2	4	6	10	12	10	8	4	4	2
Long Stout	4	4	6	7	6	2	2
Slim	1	3	4	3	2	4
Short	2	5	4	7	8	7	4	6

\$19.85

Don't delay to see these values—they will actually surprise you.

The Shop of Culture

MAIN AT MONROE.

AMUSEMENTS

O'Brien's Minstrels.

Neil O'Brien is always a welcome addition to the theatrical menu each season, and the fact that it is Neil O'Brien himself who brings an aggregation of burnt cork farceurs and singers to Memphis is sufficient to attract a large gathering of theater-goers. O'Brien, since one can remember, has always identified himself with a one-act comedy, which he made famous when starred in other minstrels, and which he has carried to the stage now in his own company.

His latest offering is "Meatless Day," with a setting in a cafe, where O'Brien seems to shine with the greatest luster. His meatless day, based upon the exigencies of the time when foods were limited by federal order, is a big laugh from beginning to end, and O'Brien comes nearer to his old-time form in this skit than in any he has given the public in several seasons. There is no better blackface comedian on the stage than Neil O'Brien, whose mannerisms are down to the proverbial T.

O'Brien has surrounded himself with a number of leading blackface singers and funsters, and especially has been fortunate in the selection of his dancers. The songs are good and it must be said of O'Brien that his seventh tour finds the end men handing out all new jokes; at least there are so few old ones that these are easily forgotten.

Two well-filled houses greeted O'Brien at the New Lyric at the matinee and night performances. The stay in Memphis was for the two performances only.

Orpheum.

Lucille Cavanagh, presented by Martin Beck, returns to Memphis after a year's absence, improved in ability and with an act that is entirely pleasing from beginning to end. In fact, Miss Cavanagh has become a real vaudeville star, and with the assistance of a trio of musicians and singers she has brought to the vaudeville stage an act that is far superior to that of last year's vintage.

The improvement most noticeable in Miss Cavanagh's category of versatility is that which pertains to her dancing. A year has brought about noticeable improvement, but she has not gained her in the acquisition of said ability. It is sufficient to say of her act that it is splendidly staged, is harmonious in its appointments and withal is the best offering she has given the public.

"Will You Marry Me?" are two fancy-free comedians who keep their audience in a good humor and wondering what they will do and say next. Julius Tannen, the chatterbox, was slightly indisposed Monday night, but notwithstanding his material is new and refreshing.

The Lighter Girls and Alexander are back with new songs, which are well put over, and Thomas P. Jackson and Jack J. Casaday appear in a one-act sketch, "Two Men." The sensational Gerard in balancing and Reesie Clifford in posing complete the bill.

Loew's Lyceum.

"The Whirlwind Gypsies," presenting "A Night in a Roman Camp," is a big spectacular offering, one similar to this being the big feature of New York's biggest legitimate hit—John Barrymore in "Redemption," from Tolstoy's book of the same name. The offering at Loew's Lyceum this week is odd, artistic and quite unlike anything in vaudeville, and in their bright-hued costumes, and characteristic dances have an effect to please even the most fastidious. Joe Lane and Pearl Harper appear in a funny skit called "The Man and the Monkey," a combination of new songs, comedy and dances. The famous Irish comedian, William Cahill, returns with a new collection of songs, stories and tales. Johnson, Baker and Johnson are marvelous manipulators. Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand" is the feature picture star.

"When Dreams Come True."

"When Dreams Come True," described as a musical play of youth comes to the New Lyric matinee and night today fresh from successful engagements in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, in which four cities it has played during the past year. It has been the plant of dramatic reviews for ages that certain plays would not be accepted by the public on account of the slowness of their plots. It remained for a Chicago critic to deny the story of "When Dreams Come True" because

HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1919.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

This is an important day in planetary direction, according to astrology. While Saturn is faintly benefic in aspect, Venus is slightly adverse.

It is time when all who draw their sustenance from the earth should conserve their resources, for they may find that threatening conditions develop prosperly.

Farmers and all who till the earth come under uncertain conditions, but the general forecast is good.

Danger from plagues of insects is probable next summer and precautions should be taken to safeguard crops.

Elderly persons have a sway that promises much for them, if they take care of their health. Their advice and counsel will be sought in matters of moment relating to reconstruction plans and other after-the-war measures.

Women should be exceedingly cautious and tactful while this rule prevails. The stars presage difficulties in industrial conditions and danger of sentiments prejudicial to their interests being circulated.

The army is subject to influences today making for restiveness and uncertainty, but the planets are friendly in future configurations.

There is a sign today that seems to promise for the negro race many new opportunities in professional and business life. Soldiers will receive honors this month.

Washington, D. C., comes under a planetary government making for many contentions concerning the development of the city and it has the prognostication of great permanent growth and improvement.

Persons whose birthdate it is may have a year of anxiety. They should avoid new enterprises.

Children born on this day will have eventful lives with many ups and downs. Girls should be feared with great care.

"And if he has any to spare, you



UNCLE WIGGILY AND MR. PINE.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Hi, Yum!" cried Jolly Uncle Wiggily, the bunny rabbit gentleman, one day, as he twinkled his pink nose near the kitchen of his hollow stump hangar.

"What is it that smells so good, Nurse Jane?"

"Perhaps, maybe, it is the apple dumplings I am baking for supper," answered the amiable lady housekeeper.

"Perhaps, maybe, it is!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "If they taste half as good as they smell, and I know they will, I shall be very happy."

"I hope you will not be disappointed," remarked Nurse Jane, diffident like and unpretentious.

"Oh, I'm not going to be—I can tell that," cried the bunny. He waited around until he saw Nurse Jane take the apple dumplings from the oven, and then Uncle Wiggily saw that they were going to be very fine and delicious and that they were baked exactly the right color.

"It seems too much for me to have all those apple dumplings myself," said the bunny. "I'm going to take one to Mr. Pine, the big game gentleman, and Mr. Ringtail Raccoon are very fond of apples. I'll take Mr. Pine a dumpling."

"And if he has any to spare, you

might bring home some of his toothpicks," spoke Nurse Jane.

"I will," said Uncle Wiggily, and when Nurse Jane had wrapped the warm apple dumpling in a clean napkin, off hopped Mr. Longears to see Mr. Pine.

The whole name of this animal friend of the bunny was Mr. Pork U. Pine. He had a middle letter and everything, you see, and sometimes he was called Mr. Holopog. On his back, instead of fur, grew stiff, prickly bristles.

Mr. Pine's bristles weren't stuck very tightly in his skin. They came out easily without hurting him, and the animal folk, including Uncle Wiggily, used them for toothpicks.

Nurse Jane meant when she told Uncle Wiggily to bring home some toothpicks from Mr. Pine.

So Uncle Wiggily said he would, and soon he was on his way to the burrow, or underground house, where Mr. Pork U. Pine lived.

"I hardly think he will have finished his long winter's sleep as yet," said Uncle Wiggily, "but if he isn't up yet I can just leave the apple dumpling for him."

As it happened, however, Mr. Pork U. Pine had that day awakened from his sleep and had gone out to take a walk in the woods, picking up on his rubber boots so the snow would not give him cold in his paws.

"I'm so sorry he isn't at home," said Mrs. Pine, as she took the apple dumpling Uncle Wiggily gave her. "I know Porkie will be sorry he didn't see you."

"Oh, well, I'll go running through the woods," said Mr. Longears, "and perhaps I shall meet him. I want to get a few of his loose toothpicks."

So Uncle Wiggily started off, saying he'd call back again at the burrow if he didn't meet Mr. Pine. And, all of a sudden, as the bunny rabbit was hopping along under the trees, what should happen but that out popped the old Jiggle-Jaggle. Now, a Jiggle-Jaggle is worse than a Pipsisewah—ever so much worse—and he has very sharp, strong teeth, but very soft and tender paws, so that he keeps cold cream on them most of the time.

"Ah, ha! This is the time I've caught you!" cried Jiggle-Jaggle to Uncle Wiggily. "Now I have you!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Uncle Wiggily, not daring to run because of the strong teeth of the bad animal.

"What am I going to do?" cried the Jiggle-Jaggle. "Why, first I'm going to throw snowballs at you, and then I'm going to carry you off to my den. Now to hit you with a snowball!"

So saying, the Jiggle-Jaggle got ready to dip his soft and tender paws into the fluffy snow to make a ball with which to throw at Uncle Wiggily. But no sooner had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried:

"Oh, it's full of pins and needles! Oh, the snow is sticking my soft and tender paws full of silver! Oh, dear, I've got to run away!" And run away he did, without hurting Uncle Wiggily at all.

"Now, I wonder how that happened?" said the bunny.

"I did it," spoke Mr. Pork U. Pine, as he shook the snow off his back. "I heard what the Jiggle-Jaggle said, so I hid under the snow, right where I knew he'd take up some to make a ball to throw at you. And his soft paws got stuck full of my sharp, sticky quills. I guess he won't bother you again right away!"

And neither he did. And Mr. Pine was much obliged for the apple dumpling and he gave Mr. Longears a lot of toothpicks, so everything came out all right. The Jiggle-Jaggle, however, never had the Jiggle-Jaggle caught up some of the white snow than he cried: